



ANN LANDERS

Just Hang Up

Dear Ann Landers: My wife has been plagued by obscene phone calls for three weeks. We have notified the police and they say they can't do anything unless we can keep the caller on the line while someone alerts the police or the phone company.

Often the calls are made from public booths so you see how hard it is to catch someone in the act.

My wife is on tranquilizers and losing weight. She asked me to write and ask if you know of an effective method of dealing with these nuts who have nothing better to do than call people and talk rotten.—MR. L. OF BOISE.

Dear Mr. L.: The best way to deal with an obscene phone call is to hang up immediately. This deprives the caller of the thing he wants most—an audience. If the caller is phoning from a booth, he will not keep throwing dimes into the slot to hear the click of a receiver.

The person who is being harassed should never—repeat, never—express fear, disgust or anger. This will delight the caller and encourage him to keep calling. If the caller makes a threat of serious bodily harm, the call should be reported to the police. The Bell System is developing some amazing electronic equipment that can automatically set off an alarm in the central office and trace the caller.

I was surprised to learn from Joseph O'Brien of Illinois Bell that many harassing calls are from relatives, neighbors, or acquaintances who bear a grudge.

Dear Ann Landers: You missed a good opportunity to educate your readers when the woman told about her friend who had lost 40 pounds and suddenly began to behave like a teenager. She wanted to know if there was any connection.

Many physicians are running into "diet pill psychosis." This type of personality change is associated with addiction to amphetamines. The public should be made aware of the problem. You can help. I hope you will do so.—J. H. B. (M.D. OF SHARON, PA.).

Dear Doctor: Thanks for your letter. My medical consultants agree that diet pill psychosis is a real danger to those who want to lose weight without the help of a physician.

Amphetamines (or pep pills) produce tension, accelerate the responses and promote impulsive behavior. No one should take these pills (or any pills, for that matter) without the approval of his physician.

Dear Ann Landers: In a column which appeared some time ago there was a passing reference to a woman who strapped a bicycle horn around her husband's head at night to keep him from snoring.

Will you please repeat the details because my old goat has been keeping me up with his infernal snoring and where can I purchase one?—NEED A NIGHT'S SLEEP.

Dear Need: I do not recommend the solution. Bicycle horns are for bicycles.

If your husband's snoring is as bad as you say, I suggest he go to a doctor. Minor surgery might solve the problem.

Want to say "no" to drinking without your buddies putting you down? Get used in writing for "Booze and You—For Teen-Agers Only" by Ann Landers. Send 35 cents in coin and a long, self-addressed envelope with your request.

Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of the Press-Herald, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

(c) 1968, Publishers-Hall Syndicate



YOUNG THESPIANS . . . Searching through costumes to wear in the drama festival sponsored by the City of Torrance Recreation Department Thursday are (left to right) Jimmy Plane, Dawn Faria and Danny David. Children who have participated in "Mr. Stroy" programs at their local park or playground will present 10-minute plays beginning at 10 a.m. at Torrance Park, 2201 Santa Fe Ave.

Critic's Beat

Chapel Melodrama Makes For Entertaining Night

By JACK LYONS

What do you think of a theatre whose management encourages the audience to express its feelings regarding the members of the cast in open forum while the production is in progress?

No, its not theatre management of the absurd, nor improvisational theatre of group therapy, but Chapel Theatre's offering of that old chestnut, "Curse You, Jack Dalton," a melodrama in the fine old school of hiss the villain at will, and cheer the hero and heroine when so moved.

The only restriction on the opening night audience at the Lomita theatre, was "Please Do Not Throw Edibles at the Actors or Upon the Stage."

THE production as mounted by director Jim Vogl had the audience hissing and cheering in the proper spots.

Pedestrian Hit by Car; Breaks Leg

A pedestrian crossing Arlington Avenue Sunday morning suffered a broken right leg and right pelvis when she was apparently hit by an automobile.

Rushed to South Bay Hospital in serious condition was Mary Ioppa, 63, of 2222 Arlington Ave.

The driver of the car was James A. Madigan, 79, of 916-C Sartori Ave.

Police are investigating the mishap.

Count Marco

You Have to Give Him A Reason to Love You

You American women have acquired some strange idea of what marriage is all about—you assume it is a grand, glorious musical comedy or movie, with delightfully zany misunderstandings which are glossed over by weeks of loving "making-up" each time.

So, always anxious to put a "Mrs." in front of your name, many of you marry in haste and repent at leisure. You rush into this adventure before you have even noticed whether his eyes are black or blue or whether he'll blacken yours.

After a few weeks, you discover the horrible truth—he's human.

Your mother didn't prepare you for this shock. She

The cast for this first effort melodrama in a major production slot featured Conni-Hauser, Edna Tobias, Penny Thiss, Walt Phillips, Glenn Hoeffner, Ron Remington, and Rebecca Goldstein.

All the performers played their roles with zest and relish and looked like they were having a good time. In a play of this specialized type of theatre, it's essential the actors have a good time. Besides its effect washes over the footlights and infects the audience. Especially good were Edna Tobias, Penny Thiss, and Glenn Hoeffner.

An entertaining but slightly too long Olio followed. The program listed "Barbershop Quartette" as the first act. Lead singer Erich Ehrhardt moved his men down the familiar trail of harmony and barbershop quartette favorites.

DENNY BUNDY, billed as the Clown Prince of Tragic Magic, performed several feats of clever magic, running the gamut with sleight of hand and a couple of escape acts and was particularly effective in putting a handkerchief through some mystifying maneuvers.

The rest of the Olio program was rounded out by a pantomime acted by the "Curse You, Jack Dalton" cast members, narrated by Rebecca Goldstein, Ron Remington with a rendition of "Casey at the Bat," Edna Tobias singing several selections in thduce Music Hall style, and a unique Hat Dance developed by Glenn Hoeffner. Hoeffner, also treatate the audience to his

said you could do anything with a husband if you trained him properly. But mother is wrong. He's going to continue with his same little nasty old habits even after marriage.

He'll resist change to the bitter end—and how bitter the end, you'll find out. Oh, how you resent it!

You build little faults upon little faults until, pretty soon, you have a mountain of complaints. It's much easier coming down that mountain than building it up, so get off your high horse and start enjoying marriage.

The easiest way to convince yourself you have a pretty good husband is to appreciate his good points.

version of "On the Road to Mandalay."

If you're looking for a change of pace evening from the usual theatrical fare, one in which you can eat popcorn in the auditorium with impunity, give Chapel Theatre a call.

Performances are Friday and Saturday evenings at 8:30 p.m. until Sept. 14.

Fair Sets Photo Day, Contest

Camera fans of the southland have an opportunity this year to help publicize the County Fair and at the same time compete for \$100 in cash awards.

The huge exposition, which runs Sept. 13 through 29, has designated Saturday, 14, as Camera Day, and all photographers amateur or professional, are invited to compete.

Prizes of \$25, \$15 and \$10 are offered for the best black and white publicity pictures. Photographers are reminded that the winning pictures will be used in print media and may be of any subject at the Fair.

The same amount is offered in cash awards for the three winning color slides or transparencies. Color pictures will be used in various phases of fair promotion.

All prints must be delivered to the fair by 5 p.m., Thursday, Sept. 19, to be eligible for awards.

In a burst of enthusiasm, applaud him and your luck in having him.

Tell yourself over and over, "I'm a lucky girl. I have a good man." The woman who can find nothing good in her beast and who constantly complains "My husband's no damned good," is the one who grabbed frantically and hastily and now lives in hate.

If you want him to love you, you have to love him, too. Giving him a chance to be loved gives him a reason to love you. It's at least worth a try. And always remember my most basic bit of advice to all wives, new, old, or in-between: Take care of the man you've got, you may never get another—good, or bad!

Island Ceremony

Barbara Crowned Drama Sweetheart

Wearing her colorful "patajong" native costume, Barbara Moffitt was crowned Dramatic Club Sweetheart in ceremonies put on by her "classmates" in the Philippine Islands.

Barbara is visiting the Philippines this summer as an American Field Service student from Torrance High School.

Barbara writes, "I guess being sweetheart is a big deal because it sure seemed like it and I savored every second of it, knowing that it would be my first and last time to be sweetheart of anything. . . I gave a speech which was really the ultimate in 'faking it' because I was too 'tamad' (lazy) to write one! One thing about the Filipinos, though, they're

very forgiving and will like anything you do.

"THE PARTY was wonderful. I learned how to waltz since they do that a lot . . . plus all the modern stuff.

About 9 o'clock, everyone was seated and with Cilirino as my escort, I walked around the gym as they sang, 'Let Me Call You Sweetheart.' I know it sounds corny . . . but it was wonderful. And then we danced and danced!"

Barbara's long, sometimes zany letters home are filled with vivid descriptions of her many adventures and her candid opinions of events and people.

HER LETTER of July 30

continues, "Living for today is easy here. So much happens every wonderful second that you really don't have much time to live for anything else. I've spent my last two weekends in Manila and both were utterly wonderful . . . It was a real hassle getting a bus . . . we had to claw and scratch for a seat on the good of' third class bus!"

"Riding with chickens at my feet and reading a book of Ferlinghetti poetry while the Luzonian countryside enveloped me was an unforgettable experience. When we reached Manila, there was a small typhoon, making it a real challenge to get around!"

"Shopping at Makati is like being in the U.S., except much classier! I must have seemed strange to all the Americanos I saw there (it's the American section of the city) because they all looked so funny to me. So white! So tall! I couldn't stop staring!"

"I BOUGHT four pairs of shoes for \$22 in Makati. Really nice ones, too! I'm really loading up on the shoes and dresses here because it's so inexpensive. I've had five dresses made. Including the really lovely 'patajong' native costume with butterfly sleeves. I'm having my portrait taken in it today for the Quezon Times. Class, no?"

"DURING the week I learned how to cook Arroz Caldo (delicious soup) and Chicken Adobo from Tia Ason. . . I'm so glad I can make it now because it's something like balut and mango that I really miss! "I also sang in front of the school again. This time it was kind of bad because we got back from Manila about 3 a.m. Monday morning and the program started at 7 a.m. I guess I slept through the whole program but somebody told me I sang Maalaala Mo Kaya, which I believe, because I really could sing that song in my sleep!"

Your Second Front Page
Press-Herald
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1968 D-1

Area Shopowner Heads Local March of Dimes

"The March of Dimes is fighting birth defects because each year these tragic conditions rob more than a quarter-million American children of their birthright: to enter the world healthy and grow normally."

Peggy E. Klug made this statement today as she accepted the chairmanship of the January 1969 Lomita-Harbor City March of Dimes campaign. She was appointed to the post by District Attorney Evette J. Younger and retired Sheriff Eugene W. Biscailuz, Los Angeles County March of Dimes campaign co-chairmen.

"I think most of us would consider it alarming if we heard about an epidemic in which a new case struck every other minute, which was the second greatest destroyer of life, and which caused half of all mental re-

tardation," declared the volunteer chairman, who is the owner of Wee Bonne Party Shop.

In research, scientists supported by March of Dimes grants have developed ways of detecting several defects of body chemistry that can cause mental retardation, and are studying the hereditary and environmental factors which affect a baby's development before birth.

"In addition," she said, "the March of Dimes is conducting a national educational program to inform every expectant mother of the importance of prenatal care in minimizing risks to the newborn child."

The chairman's first duty will be to supervise the recruiting of volunteers, both adults and teenagers, to serve in the 31st annual appeal set for next January.

Profile: Susan Bundy

Her Report Cards Were The Dullest in Torrance

Torrance High School is 51 years old. But, never in its half century of operation has it graduated a senior with a higher grade-point average, more academic honors, or higher scores on the National Merit Scholarship exams than Susan Bundy.

For four years the valedictorian brought home the most dull, routine, and senseless report cards in the city; always full of "As" . . . NOTHING but "As."

Does she speak in complicated grammatical constructions, communicate solely in mathematical logarithms, or expound on the probability of life on Jupiter? No. She looks, talks, and expresses herself like any other teenager anxiously awaiting her first year in college.

The unassuming—almost shy—17-year-old seems embarrassed to tell of her achievements, but there's plenty to tell. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reid L. Bundy, co-publisher and editor of the Press-Herald, Susan singlehandedly added half an hour to the awards portion of graduation exercises. And she almost required a truck to haul away her loot.

She was named valedictorian of the class of '68, won departmental awards in English, math, journalism, science, and social studies. About all that was left on the table were the football trophies.

Although it's tough to tell one "A" from another, Su-



SUSAN BUNDY

san reports she achieved the most satisfaction out of math and scored highest in that department. So what's she taking as a major next year at Carleton College? English, what else!

Having been born, raised, and educated in Torrance, Susan wants to get out of the state and see a bit of the country during her college years; hence the choice of Carleton College, an exclusive, highly competitive institution in Minnesota.

She could have gone to virtually any college in the nation with her high school credentials, but chose a small (1,400 enrollment) school because, "A place like Stanford or UCLA would be too big, too many distractions. It sounds weird, but I really like to study."

Susan's course of study

this summer is in the complicated field of kids . . . she works for the Torrance Recreation Department at Hickory Park playground. Her present course is "How to Direct the Play, 'Snow White and the Seven Undergraduates' for Thespians Aged Five Through Nine."

"I really enjoy working with the children," she said, "because you don't have to demand perfection. In school, they have to do things perfectly, but here they can make a lop-sided ash tray and Mommy is thrilled to death."

Susan apparently doesn't have all the brains in the family. Her two sisters, Chris and Jackie, have begun similar scholastic careers. Chris has gotten straight "As" in her first year at Torrance High, and Jackie has taken high school courses on a special program, although she's still in elementary school.

Susan's trip to Minnesota will not be the first time she has gone out of state to study. She has attended seminars at Rutgers and Willamette during the last two summers.

"So now that I've seen the East coast and the West coast, I guess I'll have a look at the Midwest," she said.

Even though Susan was the editor of the Torrance High paper, and despite her father's career in journalism, she has set her sights on teaching literature at the college level.